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blood of real life in them, and this from want of experience rather than of sympathy ; for many of his poems show him capable of friendship almost womanly in its purity and warmth. One quality which we especially value in him is the intense home-feeling which, without any conscious aim at being American, gives his poetry a flavor of the soil surprisingly refreshing. Without being narrowly provincial, he is the most indigenous of our poets. In these times, especially, his uncalculating love of country has a profound pathos in it. He does not flare the flag in our faces, but one feels the heart of a lover throbbing in his anxious verse.

Mr. Whittier, if the most fervid of our poets, is sometimes hurried away by this very quality, in itself an excellence, into being the most careless. He draws off his verse while the fermentation is yet going on, and before it has had time to compose itself and clarify into the ripe wine of expression. His rhymes are often faulty beyond the most provincial license even of Burns himself. Vigor without elegance will never achieve permanent success in poetry. We think, also, that he has too often of late suffered himself to be seduced from the true path to which his nature set up finger-posts for him at every corner, into metaphysical labyrinths whose clew he is unable to grasp. The real life of his genius smoulders into what the woodmen call a *smudge*, and gives evidence of itself in smoke instead of flame. Where he follows his truer instincts, he is often admirable in the highest sense, and never without the interest of natural thought and feeling naturally expressed.

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13. — *Alice of Monmouth ; an Idyl of the Great War. With other Poems.* By EDMUND C. STEDMAN. New York: Carleton. 1864. pp. 151.

READERS of this little volume will desire to possess themselves at once of a former one by the same author, which they will find advertised on the fly-leaf. The leading poem has great and substantial merits, not the least of which we reckon to be that it is really interesting. It is not only American, but contemporaneously so in its scenery and incidents ; while a hearty patriotism without bravado gives it a peculiar claim upon our liking. There may be here and there a reminiscence of "Maud," that most intensely characteristic of modern poems, but this is only in the externals of structure and versification. The vitalizing elements of the poem are its own, and it is a true birth of the author's mind, not an artificially congested *poemunculus*. The scene is laid in New Jersey, and the accessories of landscape and manners are in as

close keeping with literal fact as will consort with poetic treatment. The descriptions, whether of natural or social scenery, are vivid and picturesque. The author has absorbed the outward associations that naturally group themselves about his characters, and is able accordingly to give them back to us sufficiently imbued with his own sentiment to engage our sympathy. Mr. Stedman, like most persons of imaginative temperament, has felt that want of sharp contrast in the conditions of American life so essential to the picturesque. He has accordingly had recourse to the Old World device of an unequal marriage in order to give piquancy to his plot. We doubt if the mere inequalities of wealth, where there is no such thing as established and traditional rank, will fully answer the occasion; and perhaps our poets will some day find that the necessity which compels them to deal with the primal instincts of human nature, instead of its artificial upholstery, is a source of strength to them rather than a deprivation. And in Mr. Stedman's own case we find it to be so. One of the most distinguished merits of the poem is the sincere feeling of those passages where he shows the final triumph of the human over the educated sympathies, and brings father and daughter together on the higher ground of a common sorrow. We cannot say that we like some of Mr. Stedman's experiments in unrhymed lyrical measures. Collins has, perhaps, been more successful than any other who has made essays in that kind, and his examples are all short. Specimens of any great length always give us the impression of minced prose. It was, however, a matter of choice with Mr. Stedman, and not an expedient of poverty; for some of the rhymed lyrics in his volume (except where he occasionally drops an *r*, as in *broaden* and *order*, *Goliath* and *fire*) are as remarkable for finish as feeling. But whatever friendly objections we might make here and there, we heartily welcome this little book as a permanent contribution to our genuinely native literature. Indeed, we have found it hard to criticise at all a poem which brought warm tears to our eyes more than once as we read.

14. — HEINE'S *Book of Songs*. Translated by CHARLES G. LELAND, Author of "Meister Karl's Sketch-Book," and "Sunshine in Thought." Philadelphia: Frederick Leypoldt. 1864. pp. 14, 239.

Si un Allemand peut être bel esprit? was asked by the lively French Abbé, triumphantly, and the question waited nearly two centuries, to be answered at last, not by a pure Teuton, but by a German Jew. No wittier man than Heine ever lived, nor any whose wit had more purpose in it. Tempered as it was with poetic sentiment, intensified by a